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HATH LOST
HIS PEARLE.

A Comedy.

DIVERS TIMES

Publikely acted, by certaine
LONDON Prentices.

By ROBERT TAILOR.



LONDON,

Printed for Richard Redmer, and are to
be solde at the West-dore of Paules
at the signe of the Starre.

1614.

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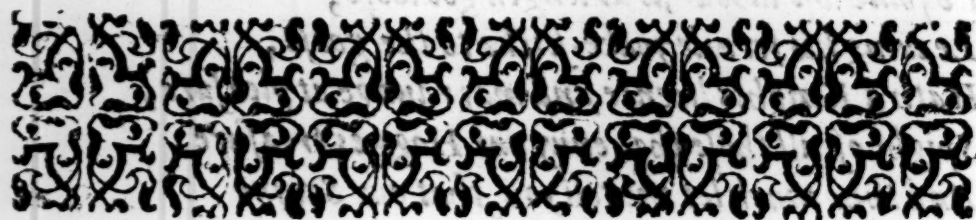


THE PROLOGVE.

OV R long time rumor'd Hogge, so often crost
By v unexpected accidents, and tost
From one house to another, still deceining
Many mens expectations, and bequeathing
To some lost labour, is at length got loose,
Leaving his seruile yoke-sticke to the goose,
Hath a Knights licence, and may raunge at pleasure,
Spight of all those that enuy our Hogges treasure:
And thus much let me tell you, that our Swyne
Is not as diuers Crittickes did define,
Grunting at State affaires, or inuecting
Much, at our Citty vices; no, nor detecting
The pride, or fraude, in it, but were it now
He had his first birth, wit should teach him how
To taxe these times abuses, and tell some
How ill they did in running oft from home,
For to preuent (O men more hard then flint)
A matter that shall laugh at them in print:
Once to proceede in this play we were mindlesse,
Thinking we liu'd mongst Iewes that lou'd no swines flesh:
But now that troubles past, if it deserue a hisse,
(As questionlesse it wil through our amisse,)

THE PROLOGVE.

*Let it be fauoured by your gentle sufferance,
Wise-men are still indu'd with patience,
Wee are not halfe so skild as strowling Players,
Who could not please heere as at Country faiers,
We may be pelted off for ought we know,
With apples, egges, or stones from thence belowe ;
In which weele craue your friendship if we may,
And you shall haue a daunce worth all the play,
And if it proue so happy as to please,
Weele say tis fortunate like Pericles.*





THE ACTORS NAMES.

Old lord VVealthy.

Young lord his sonne.

Maria his daughter.

*Carracus and Albert,
two Gentlemen, nere friends.*

*Lightfoote a country Gentlem.
Haddit a youthfull Gallant.*

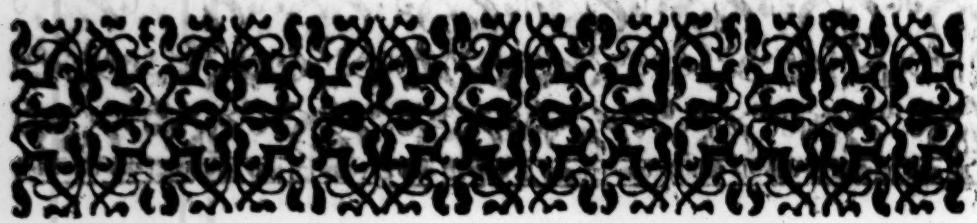
Hogge a VVsurer.

Rebecka his daughter.

Peter Seruitude his man.

Atlas





The Actors names.

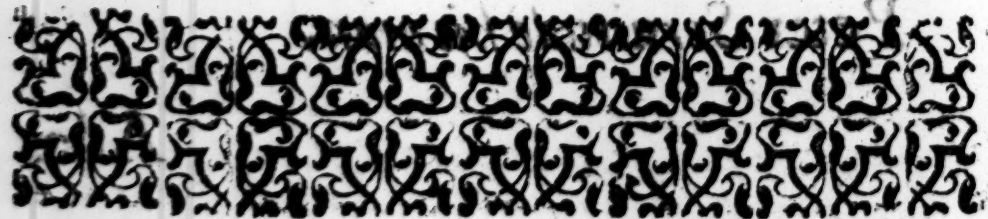
Atlas a Torter.

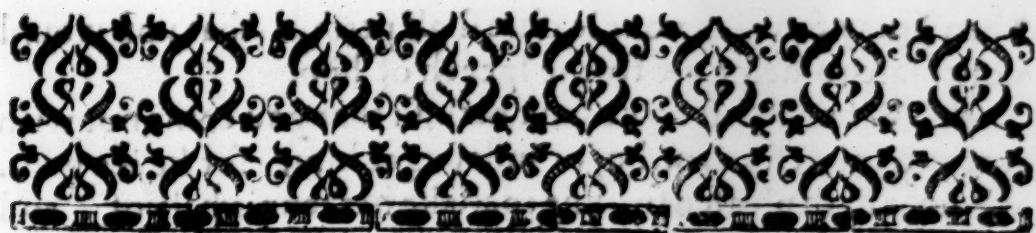
A Priest.

A Player.

A Servingman.

A Nurse.





THE
HOGGE HATH
lost his Pearle.

A ctus primi Scena prima.

*Enter Lightfoote a country gentleman passing over the stage
and knocks at the other dore.*

Lightfoote.



Oe, Whose within here? *Enter Atlas a Porter*

At. Ha ye any mony to pay you knock with
such authority sir?

Li. What if I haue not, may not a man knock
without money sir?

At. Seldome, women and Seriaunts they will not put it vp
so sir.

Li. How say you by that sir, but I prethee is not this one *At-*
las his house a Porter?

At. I am the rent payer thereof.

Li. In good time sir.

At. Not in good time, neither sir, for I am behinde with my
Land-lord a yeere and three quarters at least.

Li. Now if a man would giue but obseruance to this fel-
lowes prating, a would weary his eares sooner then a Barber,
dee heare sir, lies there not one Haddit a gentleman at this
house?

At. Here lies such a gentleman sir whose cloathes (were
they not greasie) would bespeake him so.

B

Li. Then

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

Then I pray sir when your leasure shall permit, that you would vouchsafe to helpe me to the speech of him.

At. We must first craue your oath, sir that you come not with intent to molest, perturb, or indaunger him, for he is a gent. whom it hath pleased fortune to make her tennis ball of, and therefore subiect to be stricke by euery foole inro hassard.

Li. In that I commend thy care of him, for which friendship heres a slight reward, tell him a Country man of his, one *Lightfoote* is here, and will not any way dispaire of his safetie.

At. With all respect Sir, pray commaund my house.

Exit Atlas.

Li. So, now I shall haue a sight of my Cosen gallant, he that hath consumed 800. pound a yeare, in as few yeares, as he hath cares on his head: He that was wont neuer to be found without 3, or 4, paire of red breeches, running before his horse, or coach. He that at a meale, hath had more seuerall kindes, then I thinke the Arke conteyn'd: He that was admir'd by niters, for his robes of gallantry, and was indeed all that an elder brother might be, prodigall, yet he, whose vnthriftnesse kept many a house, is now glad to keepe house in a house, that keepes him the poore tente of a porter, and see his appearance, Ile seeme strange to him.

Enter Haddit in poore Array.

Had. Cosen *Lightfoote* how dost, welcome to the City,

Li. Who cals me Cosen, wheres my Cosen Haddit, hees surely putting on some rich apparell, for me to see him in. I ha bin thinking al the way I came vp, how much his company will Credit me.

Had. My name is Haddit Sir, and your kinsman, if parents may be trusted, and therefore you may please to know me better, when you see me next.

Li. I prethee fellow stay, is it possible thou shouldst be he, why he was the generous sparke of mens admiration.

Had. I am that sparke Sir, though now rak't vp in ashes, Yet when it pleaseth fortunes chops to blow

some

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Some gentler gale vpon me, I may then,
From forth of embers rise and shine agen,

Li. O by your versifying I know you now sir, how dost, I
knew thee not at first, that very much altered.

Had. Faith and so I am, exceeding much since you sawe me
last, about eight hundred pound a yeere; but let it passe, for pas-
sage carried away the most part of it, a plague of fortune

Li. That'st more neede to pray to fortune then curse her;
she may be kind to thee when thou art penitent, but that I feare
will be neuer.

Had. O no, if she be a woman, shee le euer loue those that
hate her; but cozen thou art thy fathers first-borne, helpe me
but to some meanes, and Ile redeeme my mortgag'd lands with
a wench to boete.

Li. Ashow I pray thee?

Ha. Marry thus, *Hogge* the Vsurer hath one only daughter.

Li. Is his name *Hogge*, it fits him exceeding well, for as a
hogge in his life time is alwayes deuouring, and neuer commo-
dious in aught till his death, euen so is he whose goods at that
time may be put to many good vses.

Had. And so I hope they shall before his death, this daugh-
ter of his, did, and I thinke doth loue me, but I then thinking my
selfe worthy of an Empreffe, gaue but slight respect vnto her
fauour, for that her parentage sem'd not to equall my high
thoughts, pufte vp,

Li. With Tobacco surely,

Had. No but with as bad a weede, vaine glory.

Li. And you could now be content, to put your lofty spirits
into the lowest pit of her fauour: VVhy what meanes will serue
man, Sfoote if all I haue will repaire thy fortunes, it shall fly at
thy commaund,

Ha. Thankes good Coze, the meanes shall not be great, on-
ly that I may first be clad in a generous outside, for that is the
chiefe attraction, that drawes female affection; good parts
without any abilements of gallantry, are no more set by in
these times, then a good legge in a wollen stocken: No, tis
a glistering presence and audacity brings women into fooles
felicity.

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

Li. Yaue a good confidence Coze, but what deendien your braue outside shall effect.

Had. That being had wele to the Vsurer where you shal offer some slight peece of land to mortgage, and if you doe it to bring our selues into cash, it shall be nere the farther from you, for heres a proiect will not be frustrate of this purpose.

Li. That shal be shortly tryed, He instantly go seeke for a habit for thee and that of the richest too, that which shall not be subiect to the scoffe of any gallant, though to the accomplishing thereof all my meanes goes: Alas whats a man vnlesse he weare good cloathes. *Exit Lightfoote*

Had. Good speed attend my suite, heres a neuer scene Nephewe kind in distresse, this giues me more cause of admiration then the losse of xxxv. settings together at Passage. I when tis performed, but word and deeds are now more different then Puritans and Players. *Enter Atlas*

At. Heres the Player would speake with you.

Had. About the ligge, I promis'd him, my penne and inke, I prethee let him in, there may be some Cash rim'd out of him.

Enter Player.

Pla. The Muses asist you sir, what at your study so early.

Ha. O chiefly now sir for) *aurora musis amicat*)

Pla. Indeed I vnderstand not latine sir.

Ha. You must then pardon me, good M. Chaunge-coate, for I protest vntee it is so much my often conuerse, that if there be none but women in my company, yet cannot I forbear it.

Pla. That shewes your more learning sir, but I pray you is that small matter done I intreated for.

Ha. A small matter, youle finde it worth *Megge* of Westminster, althouh it be but a bare ligge.

Pla. O lord sir, I would it had but halfe the taste of garlicke.

Ha. Garlicke stinkes to this, proue that you haue not more whores to see this, then ere Garlicke had, say I am a boaster of mine owne workes, disgrace me on the open stage, and bob me off with nere a penny.

Pla. O lord sir, farre be it from vs, to debarre any worthy writer of his merit; but I pray you sir, what is the title you bestow vpon it?

Ha. Ma-

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

Ha. Marry that which is full as forceable as Garlicke, the name of it is who buyes my fowre ropes of hard Onions, by which fowre ropes is meant towre feuerall kind of liners, by the onions hangers on, as at some conuenient time I wil more particularly informe you in so rare a hidden and obscure a mystery.

Pla. I pray let me see the beginning of it, I hope you haue made no darke sentence in't, for Ile assure our audience commonly very simple idle-headed people, and if they should heare what they vnderstand not, they would quite forsake our house.

Ha. O nere feare it, for what I haue writ is both witty to the wise, and pleasing to the ignorant; for you shall haue these laugh at it farre more heartily that vnderstand it not, then those that doe.

Pla. Me thinke the end of this staffe is a foote too long.

Ha. O no, sing it but in tune, and I dare warrant you.

Pla. Why heereye, *He sings*

And you that delight in truls and minions,

Come buy my fowre ropes of hard S. Thomas onions :
Looke you there S. Thomas might very wel haue been left out,
besides, hard should haue come next the onions,

Ha. Fie no, the dismembriing of a rime to bring in reason shewes the more efficacy in the writer.

Pla. Well as you please, I pray you sir what wil the gratuity be, I would content you as neere hand as I could.

Ha. So I belecue, *aside;*
Why M. Change-coate, I do not suppose we shall differ many pounds, pray make your offer, if you giue me too much, I will most Doctor of Phicke like restoare.

Pla. You say well, looke you sir, theres a brace of angels, besides much drinke of free cost if it be lik't.

Ha. How M. Change-coate a brace of angels besides much drinke of free cost if it be lik't, I feare you haue learned it by heart, if you haue powdred vp my plot in your sconce, you may home sir and instruct your Poet ouer a pot of ale, the whole methode on't, but if you do so iuggle, looke too't Shrouetuseday is at hand, and I haue some acquaintance with Bricklayers and Playsterers.

Pla. Nay, I pray sir be not angry, foras I am a true stage-trotter

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

trotter, I meane honestly and looke ye, more for your loue then otherwise, I giue you a brace more.

Had. Well, good words doe much, I cannot now be angry with you, but see henceforward, you doe like him that would please a new married wife, shew your most at first, least some other come betweene you and your desires, for I protest had you not suddenly showne your good nature, another should haue had it though t'ad bin for nothing.

Pla. Troth I am sory I gaue you such cause of impatiency, but you shall see hereafter if your inuention take, I will not stand off for a brace more or lesse, desiring I may see your works before another.

Ha. Nay before al others, and shotly expect a notable peece of matter such a ligge whose tune with the naturall whistle of a carman, shall be more rauishing to the eares of shopkeepers then a whole consort of barbers at midnight.

Pla. I am your man for't, I pray you commaund al the kindnesse belongs to my function, as a box for your friend at a new play although I procure the hate of all my company.

Had. No Ile pay for it rather, that may breede a muteny in your whole house.

Pla. I care not, I ha plaid a Kings part anie time these ten yeeres, if I cannot commaund such a matter twere poore ifaith.

Ha. Well Maister chaungecoate you shal now leaue me, for Ile to my studie, the morning houres are precious and my muse meditates most vpon an empty stomacke.

Pla. I pray fir when this new inuention is product let not me be forgotten.

Ha. Ile sooner forget to be a ligge maker.

Exit plaier.

So heres foure angels I little dreamt of. Nay and there bee mony to be gotten by foolery, I hope fortune will not see me want. *Atlas, Atlas.* *(Enter Atlas.*

What was my country cose here since.

Ar. Why did he promise to come againe seeing how the case stood wye.

Ha. Ye and to aduaunce my downe false fortunes Atlas.

Ar. But ye are not sure a meant it yee when he spake it.

Ha. No

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

Ha. No nor is it in man to coniecture rightly the thought by the tongue.

At. Why then ile belecue it when I see it, if you had beene in prosperitie when a had promist you this kindenesse,

Ha. I had not needed it.

At. But being now you doe, I feare you mnst goe without it.

Ha. If I doe *Atlas* be it so, ile ene goe write this rime ouer my beds head.

Undone by folly, fortune lend me more,

Canst thou, and wilt not, pox on such a whore,

And so ile set vp my rest, but see *Atlas* heres a little of that that dambs Lawyers, take it in part of a further recompence.

Atlas No pray keepe it, I am conceited of your better fortunes, and therefore will stay out that expectation.

Ha. Why if you will you may, but the surmounting of my fortunes is as much to be doubted, as he whose estate lies in the lotterie, desperate.

At. But nere despaire sfoote why should not you liue as wel as a thousand others, that were change of raffery, whose meanes were neuer any thing.

Ha. Yes cheating, theft, and pandarising, or may be flattery, I haue maintained some of them my selfe, but come hast aught to breakefast.

At. Yes theres the fagg end of a leg of mutton,

Ha. There cānot be a sweeter dish, it has Cost mony the dres-

At. At the barbours you meane. *Exeunt.* (sing.

Enter Albert solus.

At. This is the greene, and this the chamberwindow, and see appointed light stands in the casement, the ladder of ropes set orderly, yet he that should ascend, slow in his hast, is not as yet come hether.

Wert any friend that liues but *Carracus*

I'de trie the blisse which this fine time presents.

Appoint to carry hence so rare an heire,

And be so slacke sfoote a doth moue my patience,

Would any man that is not voide of sence

Not haue watche night by night for such a prise,

Her beauties so attractiue, that by heauen,

My

Hoggo hath lost his pearle.

My heart halfe graunts to doe my friend a wrong,
Forgoe these thoughts for *Albert* be not slaue
To thy effectiō doe not falsifie
Thy faith to him, whose onely friendships worth
A world of women, hee is such a one,
Thou canst not liue without his good.
A is and was euer, as thine owne harts blood,
Sfoot see shee beckens me for *Carracus*, *Maria beckens him*
Shall my base purity, cause me neglect, *in the window.*
This present happinesse, I will obreyne it,
Spight of my tymorous Conscience, I am in person,
Habit and all so like to *Carraem*,
It may be acted, and neere called in question.

Ma. calls Hift *Carracus* ascend.

All is as cleere as in our hearts we wisht.

Alb. Nay, if I goe not now, I might be gelded ifaith.

Albert ascends, and being on the top of the ladder,
puts out the candle.

Ma. O loue why doe soe.

Alb. I heard the steps of some comming this way,
Did you not heare *Albert* passe by as yet.

Ma. Nor any Creature passe this way this howre.

Alb. Then hee intends iust at the breake of day,
To lend his trusty helpe to our departure :
Tis yet two howres time thether, till when lets rest,
For that our speedy flight will not yeeld any.

Ma. But I feare we possesseing of each others presence,
shall ouerslip the time, will your friend call.

Alb. Iust at the instant, feare not of his Care :

Ma. Come then deere *Carracus*, thou now shalt rest,
Vpon that bed, where fancy oft hath thought thee ;
Which kindnesse vntill now, I nere did graunt thee,
Nor would I now, but that thy loyall faith
I haue so often tride, euen now,
Seeing thee come to that most honored end,
Through all the dangers, which blacke night presents,
For to conuey me hence and marry me.

Alb. If I doe not doe so, then hate me euer,

Ma.

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

Ma. I doe beleue thee, and will hate thee neuer. *Exeunt.*

Enter Carracus.

How pleasing are the steps we louers make,
When in the paths of our content wee pace,
To meet our longings: what happinesse it is
Man to loue. But oh, what greater blisse
To loue, and be beloued: O what one vertue,
Ere raignd in me, that I should be inricht,
With all Earths good at once, I haue a friend,
Selected by the heauens, as a gift,
To make me happy, whilst I liue one earth,
A man so rare of goodnesse, firme of faith,
That Earths Content must vanish in his death.
Then for my loue, and mistris of my soule,
A maid of rich endowments, beautified
With all the vertues nature could bestow
Vpon mortality, who this happy night
Will make me gainer of her heauenly selfe,
And see how suddenly I haue attained,
To the abode of my desired wishes;
This is the Greene, how darke the night appeares,
I cannot heare the tread of my true friend,
Albert, hilt *Albert*, hees not come as yet,
Nor is thappointed light set in the window.
What if I call? *Maria*, it may be
Shee feard to set a light, and onely harkeneth |
To heare my steps, and yet I dare not call,
Least I betray my selfe, and that my voice,
Thinking to enter in the eares of her,
Be of some other heard: no I will stay
Vntill the comming of my deare friend *Albert*.
But now thinke *Carracus*, what the end will be
Of this thou dost determine, thou art come
Hether to Rob a father of that wealth,
That soly lengthens his now drooping yeares,
His vertuous daughter, and all of that sex left,
To make him happy in his aged dayes,
The losse of her, may cause him to dispaire,

Hogge bath lost his pearle,

Transport his nere decaying sence to frenzie,
Or to some such abhorred inconuenience,
Whereto fraile age is subiect, I do too ill in this,
And must not thinke but that a fathers plaint,
Wil moue the Heauens, to power forth misery.
Vpon the head of disobedieney,
Yet reason tels vs, parents are orfscene,
VWhen with two strict a reine they do hold in,
Their childs affections, and controule that loue,
VWhich the high powers deuine inspires them with,
VWhen in their shallowest iudgements they may know
Affection crost, brings misery and woe :
But whilst I run contemplating on this,
I softly pace to my desired blisse,
He goe into the next field, where my friend,
Told me the horses were in readinesse. *Exit.*

Albert descending from Maria,

Ma. But do not stay, what if you finde not *Albert*;

Alb. He then retourne alone to fetch you hence,

Ma. If you should now deceasse me, hauing gain'd, what you
men seeke for.

Alb. Sooner ile deceasse my soule, and so I feare I haue.

Ma. At your first call I will descend.

Alb. Till when, this touch of lips be the true pledge,
of *Carracus* constant true deuoted loue,

Ma. Be sure you stay not long, farewell,
I cannot lend an eare to heare you part, *Exit Ma.*

Alb. But you did lend a hand vnto my entrance. *He descends.*
How haue I wrong'd my friend, my faithfull friend,
Robd him of whats more precious then his blood,
His earthly heauen th'unspotted honor,
Of his soule-ioying Mistres, the fruition of whose bed,
I yet am warme of, whilst deere *Carracus*,
Wanders this cold night, through th'unsheltering field,
Seeking me treacherous man, yet no man neither,
Though in an outward shew of such appearance,
But am a Diuel indeed, for so this deed,
Of wronged loue and friendship rightly makes me,

I may

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

I may compare my friend, to one that's sicke,
Who lying on his death-bed, calls to him,
His dearest thought friend and bids him goe,
To some rare gifted man that can restore,
His former health, this his friend sadly heares,
And vowes with protestations to fulfill,
His wisht desires, with his best performance,
But then no sooner seeing that the death,
Of his sicke friend, would ad to him some gaine.
Goes not to seeke a remedy to saue,
But like a wretch hides him to dig his graue,
As I haue done for vertuous *Carracius*,
Yet *Albert* be not reasonlesse, to indanger,
VVhat thou maist yet secure, who can detect,
The crime of thy licentious appetite,
There ones pace tis surely *Carracius*.

Enter Carracius.

Ca. Not finde my friend, sure some malignant plannet,
Rules ore this night, and enuying the content,
VVhich I in thought possesse, debarres me thus,
From what is more then happy, the loued presence of a deare
friend and loue,

Alb. Tis wronged *Carracius* by *Alberts* basenesse,
I haue no power now to reueale my selfe,

Car. The horses stand at the appointed place,
And nights darke couerture, makes firme our safety,
My friend is surely false into a slumber,
On some bancke hereabouts, I will call him,
Friend, *Albert*, *Alberts*.

Alb. What ere you are that call, you know my name.

Ca. I, and thy heart deare friend:

Alb. O *Carracius*, you are a slow pac't louer.
Your credit had been toucht, had I not beene:

Ca. As how I preethee *Albert*:

Alb. Why I excusd you to the faire *Maria*;
Who would haue thought you else, a slacke performer.
For comming first vnder her chamber window,
Shoe heard me tread, and cald vpon your name,
To which I answered with a tongue like yours:

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

And told her, I would goe to seeke for *Albert*,
And straight retourne.

Ca. Whom I haue found, thanks to thy faith, and heauen.
But had not shee a light, when you came first?

Alb. Yes but hearing of some Company,
Shee at my warning, was forc't to put it out:
And had I bin so too, you and I too had still bin happy. *aside*

Ca. See we are now come to the chamber window.

Al. Then you must call, for so I said I would,

Ca. *Maria.*

Ma. My *Carracus*, are you so soone retourn'd?
I see, youle keepe your promise.

Ca. VVho would not doe so, hauing past it thee,
Cannot be fram'd of aught but trechery:
Fairest descend, that by our hence departing,
VVe may make firme the blisse of our content.

Ma. Is your friend *Albert* with you?

Alb. Yes, and your seruant honored Lady.

Ma. Hold me from falling *Carracus.* *shee descends.*

Ca. I will do now so; but not at other times.

Ma. You are merry sir:

But what d'ee intend with this your scaling ladder,
To leaue it thus, or put it forth of sight?

Ca. Faith its no great matter which:
Yet we will take it hence, that it may breed
Many confus'd opinions in the house
Of your escape here: *Albert* you shall beate it:
It may bee you may chaunce to practise that way;
VVhich when you do, may your attempts so proue
As mine haue done, most fortunate in loue.

Alb. May you continue euer so:
But its time now to make some halt to horse:
Night soone will vanish: O that it had power
For euer to exclude day from oureies,
For my lookes then will shew my villany: *aside*

Car. Come faire *Maria* the troubles of this night,
Are as forerunners to ensuing pleasures,
And noble friend although now *Carracus*

Seemes

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Seemes in the gaining of this beautilous prise,
To keepe from you so much of his lou'd treasure,
Which ought not be mixted, yet his heart
Shall so farre strue in your wish't happinesse,
That if the losse and ruine of it selfe can but auaille your good

Alb. O friend, no more, come, you are slow in haste,
Friendship ought neuer be distrust in words,
Till all her deeds be finish't, who looking in a booke,
And reades but some part only, cannot iudge
What prayso the whole deserues, because his knowledge
Is grounded but on part, as thine friend is *aside*,
Ignorant of that black mischief I haue done thee.

Ma. Carracus. I am weary, are the horses farre?

Ca. No fairest, we are now euen at them:
Come, do you follow *Albert*?

Alb. Yes I do follow, would I had done so euer,
And nere had gone before. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Hogge the Usurer, with Peter seruitude trussing his points.

Ho. What hath not my young lord *Wealthy* been here this morning?

Pe. No in very deed sir, is a towardly young gentleman,
shall a haue my young Mistris, your daughter, I pray you sir?

Ho. That a shall *Peter*, she cannot be matched to greater
honour and riches in all this Country; yet the peeuish girle
makes coy of it, she had rather affect a Prodigall, as there was
Hadit, one that by this time cannot be otherwise then hang'd,
or in some worse estate, yet shee would haue had him, but I
prayse my starres shee went without him though, I did not
without's lands 'twas a rare mortgage *Peter*?

Pe. As ere came in parchment, but see, here comes my young
lord. *Enter young L. Wealthy.*

We. Morrow father *Hogge*, I come to tel you strange newes,
my sister is stolne away to night, tis thought by Nigromancy,
what Nigromancy is, I leaue to the readers of the seauen cham-
pions of chistendome.

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Ho. But is it possible your sister should be stolne, sure some of the household seruants were confederates in't.

Wel. Faith, I thinke they would haue confest then, for I am sure my lord and father hath put them all to the bastinado twice this morning already, not a wayting-woman but has been stowed ifaith.

Pe. Trust me a sayes wel for the most part.

Ho. Then my lord your father is farre impatient.

We. Impatient, I ha seene the picture of *Hector* in a Haberdashers shop, not looke halfe so furious, he appeares more terrible then wilde fire at a play. But father *Hogge*, when is the time your daughter and I shall to this wedlock druggery.

Ho. Troth my lord when you please, shee's at your disposalure, and I rest much thankfull that your Lordship will so highly honour me, she shal haue a good portion my lord, though nothing in respect of your large reuenues; call her in *Peter*, tel her my most respected lord *Welthies* here, to whose presence I will now commit her, and I pray you my Lord, prosecute the gaine of her affectation with the best affecting words you may, and so I bid good morrow to your lordship *Exit Ho.*

We. Moreouer, father *Hogge*, to prosecute the gaine of her affectation with the best affecting words, as I am a Lord, a most rare phrase: well I perceiue age is not altogether ignorant, though many an old Iustice is so. *Enter Peter.*

How now *Peter* is thy young mistress vp yet?

Pe. Yes indeed shee's an early stirrer, and I doubt not hereafter, but that your lordship may say shee's abroad before you can rise.

We. Faith and so she may, for tis long ere I can get vp when I goe soxt to bed; but *Peter* has she no other suters besides my selfe.

Pe. No and it like your lordship, nor is fit she should.

We. Not fit she should, I tell thee *Peter*, I would giue away as much as some Knights are worth, and that's not much, only to wipe the noses of some dozen or two of Gallants, and to see how pittifully those percells of mans flesh would looke when I had caught the bird, which they had beaten the bush for.

Pe. Indeed your lordships conquest would haue seem'd the greater.

We.

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

We. Foot, as I am a Lo. it angers me to the guts, that no body hath been about her.

Pe. For any thing I know, your lordship may goe without her.

We. An I could haue inioin'd her to some pale fac't louers distraction, or beene enuied for my happinesse, it had beene somewhat.

Enter Rebecka Hogs daughter.

But see where she comes, I knewe she had not power enough to stay another sending, for o lords! what are we? our very names enforce beauty to fly, being sent for aside. Morrow pretty Becke: how doost?

Re. I rather should enquire your lordships health, seeing you vp at such an early hower: was it the tooth-ake, or else fleas disturb'd you?

We. Dee ye think I am subiect to such common infirmities? nay, were I diseas'd I'de scorne but to be diseas'd like a lord ifaith: but I can tell you newes, your fellow virgin-hole player, my sister is stolne away to night.

Re. Intruth I am glad on't shee's now free from the iealous eye of a father; do not yee suspect, my lord, who it should be that hath carried her away?

We. No, nor care not, as she brewes, so let her bake, so sayd the auntient prouerbe, but lady mine that shalbe, your father hath wisht me to appoint the day with you.

Re. What day my lord?

We. Why of mariage, as the learned Historiographer writes hymens hollidaies, or nuptial Ceremonious rites.

Re. Why, when would you appoint that my lord?

We. Why let me see, I thinke the Taylor may dispatch all our vestures in a weeke: therefore, it shall be directly this day fennight.

Pe. God giue you ioy.

Re. Of what I pray you impudence, this fellow wil go neere to take his oath that he hath seene vs plighted faiths together, my father keeps him for no other cause, then to outswear the truth. My lord not to hold you any longer in a fooles paradise, nor to blind you with the hopes I neuer intend to accomplish,
know

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

know I neither doe, can, or will loue you.

We. How, not loue a lord; ô indiscreete young woman! Indeed your father told me how vnripe I should finde you: but al's, one vnripe fruit will aske more shaking before they fall, then those that are, and my conquest will seeme the greater still.

Pe. Afore god is a most vnanswerable lord, and holds her too ifaith.

We. Nay ye could not a pleas'd me better, then seeing you so inuincible, and such a difficult attaining to, I would not giue a pin for the society of a female that should seeme willing, but giue me a wench that hath disdainefull lookes: For tis denial whets on appetite, When proffered seruice doth allay delight.

Re. The fooles well read in vice, my lord, I hope you hereafter will no further insinuate in the course of your affections, and for the better withdrawing from them, you may please to know, I haue irreuocably decreed neuer to marry.

We. Neuer to marry, *Peter* I pray beare witnes of her words that when I haue attain'd her, it may adde to my fame and conquest.

Pe. Yes indeed an't like your lordship.

We. Nay, ye must think *Becke* I know how to woe, ye shall finde no bashfull vniuersity man of me.

Re. Indeed I thinke y'ad nere that bringing vp, did you euer study my lord?

We. Yes faith that I haue, and the last week too, three dayes and a night together.

Re. About what I pray?

We. Onely to finde out, why a woman going on the right side of her husband the day time, should lie on his left side at night; and as I am a lord, I neuer knew the meaning on't till yesterday, Mallapert my fathers Butler being a witty Jackanapes told me why it was.

Re. Berlady, my lord, twas a shrewd studdy, and I feare hath altered the property of your good parts, for ile assure you I lou'd you a fortnight a goe farre better.

We. Nay, tis all one whether you doe or no, tis but a little more

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

more trouble to bring ye about agen, & no question but a man may doo; I am he, tis true as your father sayd, the blacke Oxe hath not trode vpon that foote of yours.

Re. No, but the white Calf hath, and so I leaue your lordship.

Exit Re.

We. Wel go thy waies, th'art as witty a marmaled eater, as euer I conuerst with; now, as I am a lord, I loue her better and better, ile home and Poetise vpon her good parts presently, *Peter* heres a preparatiue to my further applications, and *Peter* be circumspect in giuing me diligent notice, what suitors seeme to be peeping.

Pe. Ile warrant you my lord, shee's your owne, for ile giue out to all that comes neere her, that shees betrothed to you, and if the worst come to the worst, ile sweare it.

We. Why god-a-mercy, and if euer I do gaine my request, Thou shalt in brauer cloathes be shortly drest.

Exeunt.

Enter old L. Wealthy solus.

Haue the fates then conspir'd, and quite bereft
My drooping yeeres, of all the blest content
That age partakes of, by the sweet aspect
Of their well nurtur'd issue; whose obedience,
Discreete and duteous haueour, onely lengthens
The thred of age; when on the contrary,
By rude demeanour and their headstrong wils,
That thred's soone rauel'd out: O why *Maria*
Couldst thou abandon me now at this time,
When my gray head's declining to the graue!
Could any Masculine flatterer on earth
So far bewitch thee, to forget thy selfe,
As now to leaue me? Did Nature soly giue thee me,
As my chiefe inestimable treasure,
Whereby my age might passe in quiet to rest:
And art thou prov'd to be the only curse,
Which heauen could throw vpon mortality:
Yet ile not curse thee, though I feare the fates
Will on thy head inflict some punishment,
Which I will daily pray they may with-hold;

D

Al-

Hogge hath lost his pearle,

Although thy disobedieney deserues
Extreamest rigor, yet *I* wish to thee
Content in loue full of tranquility. *Enter young Welthy.*
But see where stands my shame, whose indiscretion
Doth seeme to bury all the liuing honours,
Of all our auncestours but tis the fates decree,
That men might know their weake mortality.

We. Sir, I cannot finde my sister,

Fa. I know thou canst not, 't were to rare to see
VVisdome found out by ignorance.

We. How father, is it not possible that wisdom should be
found out by ignorance; I pray then how do many Magnificoes
come by it?

Fa. Not buy it sonne, as you had need to doe,
Yet wealth without that, may liue more content;
Then wits enioyers, can debar of wealth,
All pray for wealth, but I nere hard yet,
Of anie but one, that ere praid for wit,
Hees counted wise enough in these vaine times,
That hath but meanes enough to weare gay clothes,
And be an outside of humanitie; what matters it a pin,
How indiscreet so ere a naturall be,
So that his wealth be great, that it doth cause
VVisdome in these daies; to giue fooles applause,
And when gay folly speaks, how vaine so ere,
VVisdome must sit silent, and speech forbear.

We. Then wisdom will sit as mute as learning among many
Courtiers, but father I partly suspect that *Carracus* hath got
my sister.

Fa. With Childe, I feare ere this.

We. Berlady and that may be true, but whether a has or no,
its al one, if you please, Ile take her from vnder his nose in spight
ons teeth, and aske him no leaue.

Fa. That were to headstrong, sonne; wee le rather leaue them
to the will of heauen.
To fall or prosper, and though young *Carracus*
Be but a gentleman of small reuennewes;
Yet he deserues my daughter for his vertues,

And

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

And had I though shee could not be withdrawne
From th'affecting of him, I had ere this
Made them both happy by my free consent
Vvhich now I wish I had graunted, and still pray
If any haue her, it may be *Carracus*.

We. Troth and I wish so too, for in my minde hees a gent. of
a good house, and speakes true lattine,

Fa. To morrow sonne, you shall ride to his house
And there enquier of your sisters being,
But as you tender me, and your owne good
Vse no rough language fauouring of distast,
Or any vnciuil tearmes.

We. Why doe ye take me for a mid-wife,

Fa. But tell young *Carracus* these words from me,
That if he hath with safegard of her honor,
Espoused my daughter, that I then forgiue
His rash offence, and will accept of him,
In all the fatherly loue, I owe a childe.

We. I am sure my sister will be glad to heare it, and I cannot
blame her, for sheele then inioy that with quietnesse, which ma-
ny a wench in these dayes does scratch for,

Fa. Come sonne, ile wright to *Carracus*, that my owne
hand, may witnesse, how much I stand affected to his worth.

Exeunt.

*Enter Haddid in his gay apparel, making him ready, and
with him Lightfoote.*

Had. By this light Coze, this suite does rarely: the taylor
that made it, may happe to be saued, ant be but for his good
workes, I thinke I shall be proud of em, and so I was neuer yet
of any clothes.

Li. How not of your Clothes, why then you were neuer
proud of any thing, for therein chiefly consisteth pride: for you
neuer saw pride pictured, but in gay attire.

Ha. True, but in my opinion, pride might as well be por-
traied in any other shape, as to seeme to be an affector of gal-
lantry, being the causes thereof are so seuerall and diuers, as
some are proud of their strength, although that pride cost them
the losse of a limbe or two, by ouer-daring, likewise some are

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

proud of their humor, although in that humor, they be often knockt for being so, some are proud of their drinke, although that liquid operation, cause them to weare a night cap 3. weeks after, some are proud of their good parts, although they neuer put them to better vses, then the enioying of a common strumpets company, and are only made proud by the fauor of a waiting woman, others are proud — —

Li. Nay, I preethee Coze, enough of pride, but when do you intend to go yonder to Couetousnesse the Vsurer, that we may see how neere your plot wil take, for the releasing of your mortgag'd lands.

Ha. Why now presently, and if I do not accomplish my projects to a wished end, I wish my fortunes may be like some scraping tradesman, that neuer embraceth true pleasure, till he be threescore and ten.

Li. But say *Hogs* daughter, on whom all your hopes depend by this be betrothed to some other.

Ha. VVhy say shee were, nay more, married to another, I would be neare the further of them effecting of my intents, no Coze, I partly know her inward disposition, and did I but only know her to be woman kind, I thinke it were sufficient.

Li. Sufficient, for what.

Had. VVhy to obtaine a graunt of the best thing shee had, Chastity, Man tis not here, as tis with you in the Countrey, not to be had without fathers and mothers good will, no, the City is a place of more traffique, where each one learns by example of their elders, to make the most of their owne, either for profit or pleasure.

Li. Tis but your misbeleeuing thoughts, makes you surmise so, if women were so kind, how haps you had not by their fauors kept your selfe out of the clawes of pouerty.

Had. O but Coze, Can a ship saile without water, had I had but such a finte as this, to set my selfe a floate, I would not haue fear'd fincking but come, no more of need, now to the Vsurer, and though all hopes do faile, a man can want no liuing, So long as sweet desire reignes in women.

Li. But then your selfe must able be in giuing.

Exeunt.

Ente

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Enter Albert solus.

Conscience thou horror vnto wicked men,
VVhen wilt thou cease thy all afflicted wrath,
And set my soule free from the laborinth
Of thy tormenting terror; O but it fits not,
Should I desire redresse or wish for comfort,
That haue committed an act so inhumane,
Able to fill shames spacious Chronicle.
Who but a damn'd one, could haue done like me,
Robd my deere friend, in a short moments time
Of his loues high pri'zd Iem of Chastity:
That which so many yeeres him selfe hath staid for;
How often hath he as he lay in bed,
Sweetly discours'd to me of his *Maria*?
And with what pleasing passions a did suffer
Loues gentle war-siege, then he would relate
How he first came vnto her faire eyes view;
How long it was ere shee could brooke affection,
And then how constant shee did still abide:
I then at this would ioy, as if my brest,
Had sympathi'zd in equall happinesse;
With my true friend: but now when ioy should be,
VVho but a damn'd one would haue done like me:
He hath been married now at least a moneth:
In all which time I haue not once beheld him; This is his house:
Ile call to know his health, but will not see him,
My lookes would then betray me. for should he aske
My cause of seeming sadnesse, or the like;
I could not but reueale, and so pourd on;
VVorse vnto id, which breeds confusion.

He knocks, Enter Seruingman.

Ser. To what intent dee knocke sir.

Al. Because I wold be heard sir, is the Mr. of this house within?

Ser. Yes marry is a sir, would you speake with him?

Alb. My businesse is not so troublesome:

Is a in health with his late espoused wife

Ser. Both are exceeding well sir.

Alb. Ime truly glad ont, farewell good friend.

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Ser. I pray you lets craue your name sir, I may els haue anger.

Alb. You may say, one *Albert* riding by this way, onely inquir'd their health.

Ser. I will acquaint so much. *Exit Ser.*

Alb. How like a poisonous Doctor haue I come,
To enquire their wel-fare, knowing that my selfe
Haue giuen the portion of their nere recovery;
For which I will afflict my selfe with torture euer:
And since the earth yeelds not a remedy,
Able to salue the sores my lust hath made,
Ile now take fare-wel of society,
And th'aboade of men to entertaine a life
Fitting my fellowship, in desert woods;
Where beasts like me consort, there may I liue,
Farre off from wronging vertuous *Carracus*;
Theres no *Maria* that shall satisfie
My hatefull lust, the trees shall shelter
This wretched trunk of mine, vpon whose backe,
I will engraue the story of my sinne,
And there this short breath of mortality,
Ile finish vp in that repentant state;
Where not th'allurements of earths vanities
Can ere ore-take me, there's no baites for lust,
No friend to ruine, I shall then be free
From practising the art of treachery;
Thither then steps where such content abides,
Where penitency not disturb'd may greeue,
Where on each tree and springing plant, Ile carue
This heavy motto of my misery.
Who but a damb'd one could haue done like me?
Carracus farewell, if ere thou seest me more,
Shalt finde me curing of a sole-sicke sore. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Carracus driving his man before him.

Ca. Why thou base villaine, was my dearest friend here, and
couldst not make him stay?

Ser.

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Ser. Sfoote sir, I could not force him against his wil, an a had been a woman.

Ca. Hence thou vnruter'd slaue.

Exit Ser.

But couldst thou *Albert* come so nere my dore, and not vouchsafe the comfort of thy presence?

Hath my good fortune caus'd thee to repine?

And seeing my state so full rep'cate with good,

Canst thou with-draw thy loue to lessen it?

What could so moue thee, was't because I married?

Didst thou imagine I infring'd my faith,

For that a woman did participate

In equall share with thee? Cannot my friendship

Be firme to thee, because tis deare to her;

Yet no more deere to her then firme to thee:

Beleeue me *Albert*, thou dost little thinke,

How much thy absence giues cause of discontent,

But ile impute it onely to neglect,

It is neglect indeed when friends neglect

The sight of friends, and say tis troublesome;

Onely aske how they do, and so farewell:

Shewing an outward kinde of seeming duty,

Which in the rules of manhood is obseru'd

And thinke full well they haue perform'd their taske,

When of their friends health they do onely aske,

Not caring how they are, or how distrest,

It is enough they haue their loues exprest,

In bare enquiry, and in these times too

Friendships so cold that fewe so much will doe:

And am not I beholding then to *Albert*,

He after knowlede of our being well,

Sayd he was truly glad on'r: O rare friend!

If he be vnkind how many more may mend;

But whether am I carried by vnkindnesse?

Why should not I as wel set light by friendship,

Since I haue scene a man whom I late thought,

Had been compos'd of nothing but of faith,

Proue so regardlesse of his friends content. *Enter Maria*

Ma. Come *Carracus* I haue sought you all about,

Your seruant told me you were much disquieted

Prethee

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

Prethee loue be not so, come walke in,
He charm thee with my lute from forth disturbance;

Ca. I am not angry sweet, though if I were,
Thy bright aspect would soone alay my rage;
But my *Maria*, it doth something moue me,
That our friend *Albert* so forgets himselfe.

Ma. It may be 'ts nothing els, & theres no doubt
Hee soone remember his accustom'd friendship
He thinks, as yet, peraduenture that his presence
Will but offend, for that our marriage rites
Are but so newly past.

Ca. I will surmise so too, and onely thinke,
Some serious businesse hinders *Albert's* presence:
But what ring 's that *Maria* on your finger?

Ma. Tis one you lost loue, when I did bestow
A iewell of farre greater worth on you.

Ca. At what time fairest?

Ma. As if you knew not, why dee mak't so stranger?

Ca. Yare dispos'd to riddle, pray lets see't,
I partly know it, where wast you found it?

Ma. Why in my chamber that most glad some night
When you enrich your loue by my escape.

Ca. How, in your Chamber?

Ma. Sure *Carracus* I will be angry with you
If you seeme so forgetfull, Iooke it vp
Then when you left my lodge and went away,
Glad of your conquest for to seeke your friend:
Why stand you so amaz'd, fir I hope that kindnesse
Which then you reaped, doth not preuaile
So in your thoughts, as that you thinke me light.

Ca. O thinke thy selfe *Maria* what thou art:
This is the ring of *Albert* treacherous man,
Hee that enioy'd thy virgin chastity:
I neuer did ascend into thy chamber;
But all that cold night through the frozen field,
Went seeking of that wretch, who nere sought me;
But found what his lust sought, for dearest thee.

Ma. I haue heard enough my *Carracus* to bereaue me of this
little breath, *she sounds.*

Ca.

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Ca. All breath be first extinguish't, within there ho?

Enter Nurse and Servants.

O Nurse see heere, *Maria* saies sheele die.

Nu. Marry, God forbid, oh M^{rs}. Ms. Ms. she has breath yet, shees but in a traunce, good sir take comfort sheele recouer by and by.

Ca. No, no, sheele die Nurse, for she sayd she would, an she had not sayd so, tad bene another matter, but you know Nurse she nere told a lie, *I* will belecue her, for she speaks all truth.

Nur. His memory begins to faile him, come lets beare This heavy spectacle from forth his presence, The heauens wil lend a hand, *I* hope, of comfort, *Exeunt Ca. manet.*

Ca. See how they steale away my faire *Maria*,
But I will follow after her as farre,
As *Orpheus* did to gaine his soules delight,
And *Plutoes* selfe shall know, although *I* am not
Skilful in musique, yet *I* can be mad,
And force my loues enioyment in despight
Of hels blacke fury; but stay, stay *Carracus*,
Where is thy knowledge, and that rational sence,
Which heauens great Architect indued thee with?
All sunke beneath the waight of lumpish nature?
Are our diuiner parts no noblier free,
Then to be tortur'd by the weake assailements
Of earth-sprung griefes? why is man then accompted
The head commaunder of this vniuerse,
Next the Creator, when a little storme
Of natures fury straight ore'whelmes his iudgement,
But mines no little storme, tis a tempest
So full of raging selfe-consuming woe,
That nought but ruine followes expectation:
Oh my *Maria*, what vnheard of sinne
Haue any of thine Auncestors enacted,
That all their shame should be powr'd thus on thee;
Or what incestuous spirit, cruell *Albert*
Left hels vast wombe for to enter thee,
And do a mischief of such treachery.

Enter Nurse weeping.

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Oh Nurse, how ist with *Maria*?
If ere thy tongue did vtter pleasing words,
Let it now do so, or hereafter ere be dumbe in sorrow.

Nur. Good sir take comfort, I am forc't to speake
What will not please, your chaste wife sir is dead.

Ca. Tis dead indeed, how did you know twas so Nurse?

Nur. What sir?

Ca. That my heart was dead, sure thou hast serv'd
Dame natures selfe, and knowest the inward secrets
Of all our hidden powers, ile loue thee for't;
And if thou wilt teach me that vnknowne skill,
Shalt see what wonder *Carracus* will do;
Ile diue into the breast of hatefull *Albert*,
And see how his blacke soule is round incompast
By fearefull fiends, oh I would do strange things,
And know to whose cause Lawyers wil incline,
When they had fees on both sides, viewe the thoughts
Of for-lorne widdowes when their Knights haue left them;
Search through the guts of grearnes, and behold
What seuerall sin best pleas'd them, thence Ide descend
Into the bowels of some pocky sir:
And tell to leachers all the paines he felt,
That they thereby might warned be from lust,
Troth twill be rare, ile study it presently.

Nur. Alas! hee's distracted, what a sinne
Am I partaker of by telling him,
So curst an vntruth? But 'twas my Mistris will
Who is recouer'd, though her griefes neuer
Can be recouer'd, shee hath vow'd with teares
Her owne perpetuall banishment, therefore to him
Death was not more displeasing, then if I
Had told her lasting absence.

Ca. I finde my braines too shallow farre for study,
What neede I care for being a Rethmetitian,
Let Cittizens sonnes stand and they will for Ciphers;
Why should I teach them and go beate my braines,
To instruct vnapt, and vnconceauing dolts,
And when all's done, my art that should be fam'd,

Hagge hath lost his pearle.

VVill by grosse imitation be but sham'd,
Your iudgement Madam?

Nur. Good sir walke in, weele fend for learned men that
may alay your frenzy.

Ca. But can *Maria* so forget her selfe,
As to debarre vs thus of her attendance?

Nur. Shce is within sir, pray you wil you walke to her.

Ca. Oh is she so, come then lets softly steale
Into her chamber, if she be a sleepe
Ile laugh shalt see enough, and thou shalt weepe,
Softly good long coate, softly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maria in Pages apparrell.

Ma. Cease now thy steps *Maria*, and looke backe
Vpon that place, where distressed *Carracens*
Hath his sad being, from whose vertuous hosome,
Shame hath constrain'd me by nere to retourne:
I will goe seeke some vnfrequented path,
Either in desert woods or wilderness,
There to bewaile my innocent mishaps,
VVhich heauen hath iustly powred downe on me,
In punishing my disobediency. *Enter young Lo. Wealthy.*
Oh see my brother *Exit Maria.*

Wel. Ho you, threefoote and a halfe, why Page I say, ffoot
is vanisht as sodainly as a dumbe shewe, if a lord had lost his
way now so a had been serued, but let me see; as I take it, this
is the house of *Carracus*, a very faire building, but it lookes as
if twere dead, I can see no breath come out of the chimnies;
but I shall know the state on't by and by, by the looks of some
seruing-man: VVhat no within here? *Enter Ser.*

Ser. Good sir, you haue your armes at liberty, wilt please
you to with-draw your action of battery.

Wel. Yes indeed, now you haue made your appearance, is
the liuing-giuer within sir?

Ser. You meane my Master sir?

Wel. You haue hit it sir, prays'd bee your vnderstanding, I
am to haue cōference with him, would you admit my presence.

Ser. Indeed sir he is at this time not in health, and may not
be disturb'd.

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

We. Sir, an a were in the pangs of childe-bed, I'd speake with him.

Enter Carracus.

Ca. Vpon what cause gay-man?

We. Sfoote I thinke a be disturb'd indeed, a speakes more commaunding then a Constable at midnight.

Sir, my lord and father, by me a lord, hath sent these lines inclos'd, which shew his whole intent.

Ca. Let me peruse them, if they do portend To the States good, your answer shall be sodaine,
Your entertainment friendly; but if otherwise,
Our meanest subiect shall diuide thy greatnes,
You'd best looke too't Embassador.

We. Is yous M^r. a Statesman friend?

Ser. Alas no sir, a vnderstands not what a speakes.

We. I but when my father dies, I am to be call'd in for one my selfe, and I hope to beare the place as grauely as my successors haue done before me.

Ca. Embassador, I finde your Masters will Treats to the good of somewhat, what it is You haue your answer, and may now depart.

We. I will relate as much sir, fare ye well.

Ca. But stay, I had forgotten quite our chief'st affaires,
Your Master further writes some three lines lower,
Of one *Maria* that is wife to me,
That she and I should traue'l now with you
Vnto his preience.

We. Why now I vnderstand you sir, that *Maria* is my sister, by whose coniunction you are created brother, to me a lord.

Ca. But brother lord we cannot goe this iourney.

We. Alas no sir, we meane to ride it, my sister shall ride vpon my nagge.

Ca. Come then weele in, and striue to woe your sister,
I ha not seene her sir, at least these three dayes,
They keepe her in a Chamber, and tell me
Shes fast a sleepe still, you and ile go see,

We. Content sir.

Ser. Mad-men and fooles agree.

Exennt.

Enter Haddit and Rebecka.

Re.

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Re. When you haue got this prise, you meane to lose me.

Ha. Nay pree thee doe not thinke so, if I doe not marry thee this instant night, may I neuer enioy breath a minute after; by heauen I respect not his pelfe, thus much, but onely that I may haue wherewith to maintaine thee.

Re. O but to rob my father, though a be bad, the world will thinke ill of me.

Ha. Thinke ill of thee, can the world pittie him, that nere pittied any, besides since their is no end of his goods, nor beginning of his goodnesse; had not we as good share his drosse in his life time, as let Controuerfie and Lawyers deuowre it at death?

Re. You haue preuail'd, at what houre ist you intend to haue entrance into his chamber?

Ha. Why iust at mid-night, for then our apparition will will seeme most fearefull, youle make away that we may ascend vp like spirits?

Re. I will, but how many haue you made instruments herein?

Ha. Faith none, but my cosen Lightfoote and a plaier.

Re. But may you trust the player?

Ha. Oh exceeding well, wele giue him a speech a vnderstands not, but now I thinke ont, whats to be done with your Fathers man *Peter*?

Re. Why the least quantity of drinke, will lay him dead a sleepe; But ha ke, I heare my father comming, soone in the euening ile conuay you in.

Ha. Till when, let this outward ceremony, be the true pledge of our inward affections.

Exit Reb.

So, this goes better forward then the *Plantation in Virginia*: but see here comes halfe the west Indies, whose rich mines this night I meane to be ransacking. *Enter Hog, Lightfoote, & Peter.*

Hog. Then youle seale for this small Lordship you say, To morrow your mony shall be rightly told vp for you to a peny.

Li. I pray let it, and that your man may set contents vpon euerie bag.

Ha. Indeed by that wee may know what we steale without labour, for the telling ont ore; how now gent. are ye agreed vpon the price of this earth and clay.

Hog. Yes faith Mr. *Haddit* the gent. your friend here makes me paye sweetlie for't, but let it goe, I hope to inherite hea-

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

uenant be but for doing gentlemen pleasure.

Hog. Peter.

Pe. Anon sir,

Hogge I wonder how *Haddit* came by that gay suite of clothes, all his meanes was consumed long since.

Pe. Why sir being vndone himselfe; a liues by the vndoing or by-lady, it may be by the doing of others, or peradventure both a decayed gallant may liue by any thing, if a keepe one thing safe.

Hog. Gentlemen, Ile to the Scriueners to cause these writings to be drawne.

Li. Pray doe sir, weele now leaue you till the morning.

Hog. Nay, you shall stay dinner, Ile retourne presently; *Peter* some beare here for these worshipful gentlemen.

Exit Hogge, Come Peter.

Ha. We shall be bold no doubt, and that olde penny-father youle confesse by to morrow morning.

Li. Then his daughter is certainly thine, and condescends to all thy wishes.

Had. And yet you would not once belecue it, as if a females fauour could not be obteyn'd by any, but he that weares the Cap of maintenance.

When 'ts nothing but acquaintance, and a bold spirit,
That may the chiefeft prize mongst all of them inherit,

Li. Well thou hast got one deserues the bringing home with trumpets, and fals to thee as miraculously as the 1000. pound did to the Tailor, thanke your good fortune, but must *Hogges* man be made druncke,

Had. By all meanes: and thus it shall be effected, when a comes in with beere, do you vpon some slight occasion fall out with him, and if you doe giue him a cusse or two, it will giue him cause to know y^e are the more angry, then will I slip in and take vp the matter, and striuing to make you two friends, wele make him druncke.

Li. Its done in conceipt already, see where a comes.

Enter Peter.

Pe. Wilt please you to tast a cup of September beare gentlem.

Li. Pray begin, wele pledge you sir.

Pe.

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Pet. Its out sir, *Li.* then my hand in sir. (*Li. cuffes him.*)

Li. Why Goodman hobby horse, if we out of our gentility offered you to beginne, must you out of your rascality needes take it.

Had. Why how now sirs, whats the matter.

Pe. The gentleman here fals out with me, vpon nothing in the world but mere courtesie,

Had. By this light but a shall not, why Cozen *Lightfoote.*

Pe. Is his name *Lighfoote*, a plague on him, a has a heauie hande.

Enter young Lord welthy.

We. Peace be here: for I came late enough from a madman.

Had. My young Lord, God saue you.

We. And you also: I could speake it in lattine, but the phrase is common.

Had. True my Lords, and whats common, ought not much to be dealt with all: but I must desire your helpe my Lord to end a Controuerfie here, betweene this gentleman my friend, and honest *Peter*, who I dare besworne is as ignorant as your Lordshippe.

We. That I will, but my masters thus much ile say vntee, if so be this quarrell may be taken vp peaceably, without the endangering of my owne person, well, and good, otherwise I will not meddle therewith, for I haue beene vext late enough already.

Had. Why then my Lord if it please you, let me, being your inferiour, decree the cause betweene them.

We. I doe giue leaue, or permit.

Had. Then thus I will propound a reasonable motion; how many cuffes *Peter* did this gent. out of his fury make thee partaker of?

Pe. Three at the least sir.

Ha. All which were bestowed vpon you for beginning first *Peter.*

Pe. Yes indeed sir.

Ha. Why then here the sentence of your suffering, you shal both downe into Matter *Hogs seller Peter*, and whereas you began first to him, so shall he there to you, and as he gaue you three cuffes, so shall you retort of in defiance of him, three
blacke

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

blacke Iackes, which if he deny to pledge; then the glory is
thine, and he accompted by the wise discretion of my Lord here
a fincher.

Omnes A very reasonable motion.

We. Why so, this is better then being among mad-men yet.

Ha. Were you so lately with any my Lord?

We. Yes faith, Ile tell you all in the Seller, how I was taken
for an Embassador, and being no sooner in the house, but the
mad man carries mee vp into the garret for a spie, and very
roundly bad me vntruste, and had not a courteous seruing man
conueied me away whilst he went to fetch whips I thinke in my
conscience: not respecting my honour a would a breecht me.

Had. By Lady, and t'was to be fear'd; but come my Lord
wele heare the rest in the seller.

And honest *Peter* thou that hast beene greeued,
My Lord and I, will see thee well relieued.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Albert in the woodes.

How full of sweet content had this life beene,
If it had beene embraced but before
My burtherous conscience was so fraught with sinnes;
But now my griefes orefway that happinesse:
O that some lecher or accurst betrayer!
Of sacred friendship, might but here arriue,
And reade the lines repentant on each tree,
That I haue caru'd t' expresse my misery:
My admonitions now, would sure conuert,
The sinfullst creature; I could tell them now,
How idely vaine those humanes spend their liues,
That daily grieue not for offences past,
But to enioy some wantons company;
Which when obteyn'd, what is it, but a blot,
Which their whole liues repentance scarce can cleere:
I could now tell to friend betraying man,
How blacke sinne is hatefull trechery,
How heauy on their wretched soules t'will sit,

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

When fearefull death doth plant his siege but nere them,
How heauy and affrightfull will their end
Seeme to appeach them, as if then they knew,
The full beginning of their endlesse woe
VVere then appointed; which astonishment
O blest repentance keepe me *Albert* from!
And suffer not dispaire to ouer-whelme,
And make a ship-wracke of my heauy soule.

Enter Maria like a page.

Whose here, a Page: what blacke disastrous fate
Can be so cruell to his pleasing youth?

Ma. So now *Maria*, here thou must forgoe
What nature lent thee to repaie to death;
Famine I thanke thee, I haue found thee kindest,
Thou set'st a period to my misery.

Al. It is *Maria* that faire innocent,
Whom my abhorred lust hath brought to this;
Ile goe for sustenance: and O you powers!
If euer true repentance wan acceptance,
O shew it *Albert* now, and let him saue
His wronged beauty from vntimely graue. *Exit Albert.*

Ma. Sure some thing spake, or els my feebled sence
Hath lost the vse of its due property;
VVhich is more likely, then that in this place,
The voice of humane creature should be heard;
This is farre distant from the pathes of men,
Nothing breaths here but wilde and rauening beasts,
VVith ayry monsters, whose shadding wings doe seeme
To taste a vail of death in wicked liuers;
VVhich I liue dreadlesse of, and euery hower
Striue to meete death, who still vnkinde auoids me:
But that now gentle famine doth begin
For to giue end to my calamities.
See, here is caru'd vpon this trees smooth barke,
Lines knit in verse, a chaunce farre v unexpected;
Assist me breath a little to vnfold, what they include.

I that haue writ these lines, am one, whose sinne
Is more then gricuous; for know, that I haue beene

*The Wri-
ting
Abrea-*

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

A breaker of my faith, with one whose brest
Was all compos'd of truth: but I digrest,
And fled, them brats of his deare friendships loue,
Clasping to falshood did a vilane proue,
As thus shall be exprest: my worthy friend
Lou'd a faire beauty, who did condescend
In dearest affection to his vertuous will
He then a night appointed to fulfill
Hymens blest-rites, and to conuey away
His louses faire person, to which peerelesse pray
I was acquainted made, and when the hower
Of her escape drew on, then lust did power
Inraged appetite through all my veines,
And base desires in me let loose the reines
To my licentious will, and that blacke night
When my friend should haue had his chaste delight,
I fain'd his presence, and by her, thought him
Rob'd that faire virgin of her honors lem:
For which most heynous, crime vpon each tree
I write this story that mens eyes may see,
None but a damn'd one would haue done like me.
Is *Albert* then become so penitent,
As in these desarts to deplore his facts,
Which his vnfain'd repentance seemes to cleere:
How good man is, when he laments his ill?
VWho would not pardon now that mans misdeeds,
Whose griefes bewaile them thus, could I now liue,
I'd remit thy fault with *Carracm*:
But death no longer will afford reprecue
Of my abundant woes: wrong'd *Carracm* farewell,
Liue, and forgiue thy wrongs, for the repentance
Of him that caus'd them, so deserues from thee;
And since my eyes do witness *Alberts* grieve,
I pardon *Albert* in my wrongs the chiefe.

Enter Albert like a Hermit.

Alb. How, pardon me, O sound Angelicall;
But see! shee faints, O heauens now shew your power,
That these distilled waters made in grieve,

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

May ad some comfort to affliction:
Looke vp faire youth, and see a remedy.

Ma. O who disturbs me, I was hand in hand,
VValking with death vnto the house of rest.

Al. Let death walke by himselfe, if a want company,
Theres many thousands boy, whose aged yeeres
Haue tane a surfet of earths vanities,
They will goe with him, when he please to call,
To drinke my boy thy pleasing tender youth
Cannot deserue to dye, no, it is for vs,
VVhose yeeres are laden by our often sinnes,
Singing the last part of our blest repentance,
Are fit for death, and none but such as we,
Death ought to claime; for when a snatcheth youth,
It shewes him but a tyrant; but when age,
Then is a iust, and not compos'd of rage.
How fares my lad?

Ma. Like one imbracing death withall his parts,
Reaching at life but with one little finger;
His minde so firmly knit vnto the first,
That vnto him the latter seemes to be
VVhat may be pointed at, but not possesse.

Al. O but thou shalt possesse it.
If thou didst feare thy death but as I doe,
Thou wouldst take pittie, though not of thy selfe,
Yet of my aged yeeres; trust me my boy,
Tha't strucke such deepe compassion in my breast,
That all the moisture which prolongs my life,
VVill from my eyes gush forth, if now thou leau'st me.

Ma. But can we liue here in this desert wood,
If not, ile die, for other places seeme,
Like tortures to my griefes, may I liue here?

Alb. I, thou shalt liue with me, and I will tell thee
Such strang occurrents of my fore-past life,
That all thy young sprung griefes shall seeme but sparkes
To the great fire of my calamities;
Then ile liue onely with you for to heare,
If any humane woes can be like mine;

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Yet since my being in this darkesome desert,
I haue read on trees most lamentable stories.

Alb. Tis true indeed, theres one within these woods,
VVhose name is *Albert*, a man so full of sorrow,
That one each tree he passeth by he earues,
Such dolefull lines for his rash follies past,
That who so reades them, and not drown'd in teares;
Must haue a heart fram'd forth of Addamant.

Ma. And can you helpe to the sight of him?

Alb. I when thou wilt, bele often come to me,
And at my Caue sit a whole winters night,
Recounting of his stories, I tell thee boy
Had he offended more then did that man,
VVho stole the fire from heauen, his contrition
VVould appease all the gods, and quite reuert
Their wrath to mercy; but come my pretty boy
VVele to my Caue, and after some repose,
Relate the sequell of each others woes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Carracus.

Ca. What a way haue I come, yet I know not whither,
The ayers so cold this winter season,
I'me sure a foole, would any but an asse
Leaue a warme matted chamber and a bed,
To run thus in the cold, and which is more,
To seeke a woman, a slight thing cald woman,
Creatures, with curious nature fram'd as I suppose,
For rent receauers to her treasury;
And why I thinke so now, lle giue you instance;
Most men doe know that natures selfe hath made them,
Most profitable members, then if so,
By often trading in the common wealth
They needs must be inricht, why very good,
To whom ought beauty then repaie this gaine
VVhich shee by natures gift hath profited;
But vnto nature? why all this I graunt,
VVhy then they shall no more be called woman,
For I will stile them thus, scorning their leaue,
Those that for nature doe much rent receaue.

This

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

This is a wood sure, and as I haue read,
In woods are Eccho's which will answere men,
To euey question which they do propound: *Eccho, Echo, Eccho.*

Ca. O are you there, haue at ye then ifaith,
Echo canst tell me whether men or women
Are for the most part damb'd? *Eccho* most part damb'd.

Ca. Of both indeed, how true this Echo speakes,
Echo, now tel me if mongst 1000. women,
There be one chaste, or none? *Eccho, none.*

Ca. Why so I thinke, better and better still:
Now further Echo, in a world of men,
Is there one faithfull to his friend, or no? *Eccho* no.

Ca. Thou speak'st most true, for I haue found it so;
Who sayd thou wast a woman Echo lies,
Thou couldst not then answere so much of truth,
Once more good Echo,
Was my *Maria* false by her owne desire,
Or wast against her will? *Eccho* against her wil.
Troth 't may be so, but canst thou tell,
Whether she be dead or not? *Eccho* not.

Ca. Not dead. *Eccho* not dead.
Then without question she doth surely liue: But I do trouble
thee too much, therefore good speak truth, farewell. *Eccho* farewell.

Ca. How quick it answers, o that Concellors
Would thus resolu mens doubts without a fee.
How many country Clyents then might rest
Free from vndooing, no plodding pleader then
Would purchase great possessions with his tongue;
Were I some demy-god, or had that power,
I'de straight make this Echo here a iudge;
Hee'd spend his iudgement in the open court,
As now to me, without being once solicited
In 's priuate chamber, tis not bribes could win
Him to o're-sway mens right, nor could he be
Lead to damnation for a little pelfe;
He would not harbour malice in his heart,
Or enuious hatred, base dispight or grudge;
But be an vpright, iust, and equall Iudge;

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

But now imagine that I should confront
Treacherous *Albert*, who hath rais'd my front.
But I feare this idle prate hath
Made me quite forget my *cinque pace. be daunceth.*

Enter Albert.

Alb. I heard the Eccho answere vnto one,
That by his speech cannot be far remote
From of this ground, and see I haue discried him :
Oh heauens ! its *Carracus*, whose reasons seate
Is now vsurpt by madnes, and distraction ;
Which I the author of confusion
Haue planted here, by my accursed deeds.

Ca. O are you come sir, I was sending the Tauerne-boy for
ye, I haue been practising here, and can do none of my loftie
trickes.

Alb. Good sir, if any sparke do yet remaine
Of your consumed reason, let me strue.

Ca. To blow it out, troth I most kindly thank you,
Heres friendship to the life ; but father whay-beard,
Why should you thinke me void of reasons fire,
My youthfull dayes being in the height of knowledge ?
I must confesse your old yeeres gaines experience ;
But that's so much orer-ul'd by dotage,
That what you think experience shall effect,
Short memory destroies, what say you now sir ?
Am I mad now, that can answere thus
To all intergatories ?

Alb. But though your words do sauer sir of iudgement,
Yet when they derogate from the due obseruance
Of fitting times, they ought not be respected,
No more, then if a man should tell a tale
Of fained mirth in midst of extreame sorrowes.

Ca. How did you know my sorrowes sir ?
What though I haue lost a wife,
Must I be therefore griued ; am I not happy
To be so freed of a continuall trouble ?
Had many a man such fortune as I,
In what a heauen would they thinke themselves ?

Being

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Being releast of all those threatning cloudes,
Which in the angry skies, cal'd womens browes,
Sit euer menacing tempestuous stormes:
But yet I needs must tell you, old December,
My wife was cleere of this; within her browe,
Sh'ad not a wrinkle nor a storming frowne;
But like a smooth well polisht Iuory,
It seem'd so pleasant to the looker on,
She was so kinde, of nature so gentle,
That if sh'ad done a fault shee'd straight go die for't:
Was not she then a rare one?
What weep'st thou aged *Nestor*?
Take comfort man, *Troy* was ordain'd by fate
To yeeld to vs, which we will ruinate.

Alb. Good sir walke with me, but where you see
The shadding Elmes, within whose circling round
There is a holy spring about incompast,
By dandling ficcamoses and violets,
Whose waters cure all humane maladies:
Few drops thereof being sprinkled on your temples,
Reuiues your fading memory, and restores
Your senses lost vnto their perfect being.

Ca. Is it cleere water sir, and very fresh?
For I am thirsty; gives it a better relish
Then a cup of dead wine with flies in't?

Alb. Most pleasant to the taste, pray will you goe.

Ca. Faster then you I belecue sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maria.

Ma. I am walkt forth from my preseruers caue,
To search about these woods, only to see
The penitent *Albert*, whose repentant minde
Each tree expresseth: ô that some power diuine
Would hither send my vertuous *Carracus*;
Not for my owne content, but that he might
See how his distrest friend repents the wrong,
Which his rash folly, most vnfortunate
Acted against him and me, which I forgive
A hundred times a day, for that more often

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

My eyes are witnes to his said complaints,
How the good Hermit seemes to share his mones,
Which in the day time he deplores 'mongst trees,
And in the night his Caue is fild with sighs;
No other bed doth his weake limbs support
Then the cold earth, no other harmony
To rocke his cares asleepe, but blustering windes,
Or some swift Current, headlong rushing downe
From a high Mountaines top, powring his force
Into the Oceans gulfe, where being swallowed,
Seemes to bewaile his fall with hideous words:
No other sustentation to suffice
What Nature claimes, but rawe vnsauowry rootes,
With troubled waters, where vntamed beasts,
Do bathe themselues:

Enter Satyrs, dance. & Exeunt.

Ay me! what things are these?
What pretty harmeleffe things they seeme to be?
As if delight had no where made abode,
But in their nimble sport. *Enter Albert.*
Yonders the courteous Hermit, and with him
Albert it seemes, o see tis *Carracus*,
Ioy do not now confound me.

Ca. Thanks vnto heauens & thee thou holy man,
I haue attain'd what doth adorne mans being,
That pretious Iemme of reason, by which soly,
We are discern'd from rude and brutish beasts,
No other difference being twixt vs and them.
How to repay this more then earthly kindnesse,
Lies not within my power, but in his
That hath indu'd thee with celestially gifts,
To whom Ile pray, he may bestow on thee
What thou deserv'st, blest immortality.

Alb. Which vnto you befall, thereof most worthy:
But vertuous sir, what I will now request
From your true generous nature, is, that you would
Be pleas'd to pardon that repentant Wight
Whose sinfull stories vpon you trees barke,

Your

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

Your selfe did reade, for that you say, to you
Those wrongs were done.

Ca. Indeed they were, and to, a deere wife lost;
Yet I forgiue him, as I wish the heauens
May pardon me.

Ma. So doth *Maria* to. *she discouers her selfe.*

Ca. Liues my *Maria* then? what gracious planet
Gaue thee safe conduct to these desert woods?

Ma. My late mishap (repented now by all,
And therefore pardon'd) compelled me to fly,
Where I had perished for want of foode,
Had not this courteous man awak't my sence,
In which, deaths selfe had partly interest.

Ca. Alas *Maria*! I am so farre indebted
To him already, for the late recouery of
My owne weaknesse, that tis impossible
For vs to attribute sufficient thanks,
For such abundant good.

Alb. I rather ought to thank the heauens Creator,
That he vouchsaf't me such especiall grace,
In dooing so small a good, which could I howerly
Bestowe on all, yet could I not assuage
The swelling rancor of my fore-past crimes.

Ca. O sir, dispaire not for your course of life
(were your sinnes farre more odious then they be)
Doth moue compassion and pure clemency
In the al-ruling Iudge, whose powerfull mercy
Oreswayes his iustice, and extends it selfe
To all repentant mindes, hee's happier farre
That sinnes, and can repent him of his sinne;
Then the selfe iustifier, who doth surmise
By his owne workes to gaine saluation,
Seeming to reach at heauen and claspe damnation:
You then are happy, and our penitent friend,
To whose wisht presence please you now to bring vs,
That in our gladsome armes we infold
His much esteemed person, and forgiue
The iniuries of his rash follies past.

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

ALB. Then see false *Albert* prostrate at your feet,
he discovers himself.

Desiring Justice for his heinous ill.

Ca. Is it you *Alberts* selfe that hath preserv'd vs?
O bleſt bewailer of thy miſery!

Ma. And woful'st liver in calamity.

Ca. From which, right worthy friend, its now high time
You be releast, come then you shall with vs,
Our first and chiefest welcome my *Maria*,
We shall receave at your good fathers house;
Who, as I do remember, in my frenzy
Sent a kinde letter which desired our presence.

Alb. So please you, vertuous paire, *Albert* will stay,
And spend the remnant of this weary some life
In these darke woods.

Ca. Then you neglect the comforts heauen doth send,
To your abode on earth, if you stay here
Your life may end in torture, by the cruelty
Of some wilde rauenous beasts, but if mongst men
When you depart, the faithfull prayers of many
Will much auaille, to crowne your soule with blisse.

Alb. Lou'd *Carracus*, I haue found in thy conuerse
Comfort so blest, that nothing now but death,
Shall cause a separation in our being.

Ma. Which heauen confirme.

Ca. Thus by the breach of faith, our friendships knit
In stronger bonds of loue.

Alb. Heaven so continue it. *Exeunt.*

Aëtus Quintus.

Enter Hogge in his chamber with Rebecka laying downe his bed, and seeming to put the keyes under his bouldster conuayeth them into her pocket.

Ho So, haue you layd the keyes of the outward dores vnder my boulder? *Re.* Yes forsooth.

He. Go your way to bed then. *Exit Re.*

I won-

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

I wonder who did at the first inuent
These beds, the breeders of disease and sloth,
A was no souldier sure, nor no scholler,
And yet a might be very well a Courtier;
For no good husband would haue bin so idle,
No Vsurer neither; yet here the bed affords *discouers his gold.*
Store of sweet golden slumbers vnto him;
Here sleepest commaund in warre, *Cesar* by this
Obtain'd his triumphs, this will fight mans cause,
When fathers, brethren, and the neer'st of friends
Leaues to assise him, all content to this
Is meere vaine, the louers whose affections
Do sympathize together in full pleasure,
Debar'd of this their summer sodaine ends,
And care the winter to their former ioyes,
Breath's such a cold blast on their Turtles bils;
Hauing not this, to shrow'd him forth his stormes,
They straight are forc't to make a separation,
And so liue vnder those that rule ore this.
The Gallant, whose illustrious out-side drawes
The eyes of wantons to behold with wonder
His rare shap't parts, for so he thinks they be,
Deck't in the robes of glistering gallantry:
Hauing not this, attendant on his person,
Walkes with a cloudy brow, and seemes to all
A great contemner of society;
Not for the hate he beares to company,
But for the want of this ability:
O siluer! thou that art the basest captiue
Kept in this prison: how many pale offenders
For thee haue suffered ruine; but o my gold
Thy sight's more pleasing, then the seemely locks
Of yellow hair'd *Apoll*, and thy touch
More smooth and dainty, then the downe-soft white
Of Ladies tempting breast, thy bright aspect
Dimin's the great'st luster of heauens Waggoner.
But why goe I about to extoll thy worth,
Knowing that Poets cannot compass it;

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

But now giue place my gold for heres a power
Of greater glory and supremacy
Obscures thy being, here sits enthroniz'd
The sparkling diamond, whose bright reflection
Casts such a splendor on these other Iemmes,
Mongst which he so maiesticall appeares, *A flash of fire and*
As if-- now my good angels guard me. *Lightfoote ascends*
like a spirit.

Li. Melior vigilantia somno.

Stand not amaz'd good man, for what appeares
shall adde to thy content, be voide of feares,
I am the shaddow of rich Kingly *Cressus*,
Sent by his greatnes from the lower world
To make thee mighty, and to sway on earth
By thy abundant store, as he himselfe doth
In *Elizium*; how he raigneth there,
His shaddow will vnfold, giue thou then eare.
In Vnder-ayre where faire *Elizum* stands
Beyond the riuer stiled *Acbaron*,
He hath a Castle built of Adamant;
Not fram'd by vaine enchauntment, but there fixt,
By the all burning hands of warlike spirits,
Whose windowes are compos'd of purest cristall,
And deckt within with orientall pearles:
There the great spirit of *Cressus* royall selfe,
Keepes his abode in ioyous happinesse;
He is not tortur'd there as Poets feine
With molten gold and sulphric flames of fire,
Or any such molesting perturbation;
But there reputed as a demy-god,
Feasting with *Pluto* and his *Proserpine*,
Night after night with all delicious eates,
With greater glory then seauen kingdomes states.
Now further know the cause of my appearance,
The kingly *Cressus* hauing by fames truinpe,
Heard that thy lov'd desires stand affected
To the obtaining of abundant wealth,
Sends me his shade, thus much to signifie,
That if thou wilt become famous on earth,

Heele

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Heele giue to thee euen more then infinite ;
And after death with him thou shalt pertake
The rare delights beyond the stigidian lake.

Hog. Great *Cressus* shadow may dispose of me to what hee
pleaseth.

Li. So speakes obediency.
For which ile raise thy lowly thoughts as high,
As *Cressus* were in his mortality ;
Stand then vndaunted whil'st I raise those spirits,
By whose laborious taske and industry,
Thy treasure shall abound and multiply.

*Ascend Ascarion thou that art a powerfull spirit and dost con-
uert siluer to gold, I say ascend and one me Cressus shade at-
tend to worke the pleasure of his will.*

the Player appeares.

Pla. What would then *Cressus* list to fill
Some mortals cofers vp with gold,
Chaunging the siluer it doth hold :
By that pure mettle ift be so,
By the infernall gates I sweare,
Where Radamanth doth dominere :
By *Cressus* name and by his castle,
Where winter nights he keepeth wassell ;
By Demogorgon and the fates,
And by all these low country states ;
That after knowledge of thy minde,
Ascarion like the swift pac't winde,
Will flye to finish thy commaund.

Li. Take then this siluer out of hand,
And beare it to the Riuer *Tagus*,
Beyond th'aboade of *Archi Magnus* ;
Whose golden sands vpon it cast,
Transforme it into gold at last :
Which being effected straight retourne,
And suddaine too, or I will spurne
This truncke of thine into the pit,
Where all the hellish furies sit,

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Scratching their eyes out quicke begon.

Pla. Swifter in course then doth the Sunne. *Exit player.*

Li. How fair'st thou mortall be? not terrified
At these infernall motions, know that shortly
Great *Cressus* ghost shall in the loue he beares thee,
Giue thee sufficient power by thy owne worth,
To raise such spirits.

Hog. *Cressus* is much too liberall in his fauour,
To one so farre desertlesse as poore *Hog*.

Li. Poore *Hogge*, O speake not that word poore againe,
Least the whole apietree of *Cressus* bounty,
Crackt into shiners ouerthrow thy fortunes,
For he abhorres the name of pouerty,
And will grow sicke to heare it spoke by those,
VWhom he intends to raise; but see the twi-light
Posteth before the Charriot of the Sunne,
Brings word of his approach:
VVe must be suddaine, and with speed raise vp
The spirit *Bazon*: that can straight transforme
Gold into pearle; be still and circumspect.

Bazon ascend vp from the treasure of Pluto, where thou did'st at
pleasure metamorphise all his gold into pearle, which bene
a thousand folde exceeds the valew, quickly rise to *Cressus*
shade, who hath a priue to be performed by thy strength.

Bazon ascends.

Bazon I am no Fencer, yet at length
From *Plutoes* presence and the Hall,
VWhere *Proserpine* keepses festiuall, |
I'me hether come and now I see,
To what intent 'Ime rai'sd by thee;
It is to make that mortall rich,
That at his fame mens eares may itch;
VWhen they doe heare but of his store,
He hath one daughter and no more;
VWhich all the lower powers decree,
Shee to one *Wealthy* wedded be;
By which coniunction there shall spring,
Young heires to *Hogge* whereon to fling:
His masse of treasure when a dies,

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Thus *Bazon* truely prophesies :

But come my taske I long to reare,
His fame about the Hemy-spheare.

Li. Take then the gould which here doth lie,
And quicke retourne it by and by ;
All in choise pearle whither to goe,
I need not tell you, for you know.

Ha. Indeed I doe, and *Hogge* shall finde it so. *Exit Had.*

Li. Now mortall there is nothing doth remaine,
Twixt thee and thine aboundance, onely this
Turne thy eyes westward, for from thence appeareth
Ascarion with thy gould, which hauing brought
And at thy foote surrendred, make obeysance ;
Then turne about and fix thy tapers westward,
From whence great *Bazon* brings thy orient pearle ;
VWho'le lay it at thy feet much like the former.

Hog. Then I must make to him obeysance thus.

Li. VVhy so, in meane time *Cressus* shade will rest
Vpon thy bed, but about all take heed,
You suffer not your eies to stray aside,
From the direct point I haue set thee at :
For though the spirit do delay the time,
And not retourne your treasure speedily.

Hog. Let the losse light on me, if I neglect
I ouerslip what *Cressus* suit commaunde.

Lo. So now practise standing, though it be nothing agreeable to your hogs age, let me see among these writings is my nephew *Haddits* mortgage ; but in taking that it may breed suspect on vs, wherefore this boxe of Jewels will stand farre better and let that alone, it is now breake of day, and nere by this the marriage is confirm'd betwixt my Cosen & great *Cressus* friends daughter here, whom I would now leaue to his most weighty So gentle sir adue, time not permits (cogitation) To heare those passions and those franticke fits ; Your subiect to when you shall find how true, Great *Cressus* shade hath made an asse of you.

Hog. Let me now ruminare to my selfe why *Cressus* should be so great a fauorer to me, & yet to what end should I desire to know

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

know I thinke it is sufficient, it is so, and I would a had beene so sooner, for he and his spirits would haue saued me much labour in the purchasing of wealth; but then indeed it would haue beene the confusion of 2. or 3. Scriueners, which by my meanes haue beene properly rais'd: but now imagine this onely a tricke whereby I may be guld; but how can that be? are not my doores lockt, haue I not seene with my owne eyes the ascending of the spirits? haue I not heard with my owne eares the inuocations wherewith they were rais'd? could any but spirits appeare through so firme a floore as this is? tis impossible: But harke, I heare the spirit *Ascarion* comming with my gould, O bountifull *Cressus*; Ile build a temple to thy mightinesse.

Enter young Lo. Welthy and Peter.

We. O *Peter*, how long haue we slept vpon the hoghead?

Pe. I thinke a dosen howers my Lord, and tis nothing, Ile vndertake to sleepe sixteene, vpon the receipt of two cups of muskadine.

We. I maruell what's become of *Haddit* and *Lighfoote*?

Pe. Hang'em flinchers they sluncke away as soone as they had druncke as much as they were able to carry, which no generous spirit would a done in deed.

We. Yet I belecue *Had.* had his part, for to my thinking the feller went round with him when a left vs, but are we come to a bed yet? I must needs sleepe.

Pe. Come softly by any meanes, for we are now vpon the threshold of my masters chamber, through which ile bring you to Mistris *Rebecka*s lodging, giue me your hand and come very nicely. *(Peter fals into the hole.)*

We. Where art *Peter*. — *Pe.* — O oh o.

We. Wheres this noyse *Peter* canst tell?

Hog. I heare the voice of my adopted sonne in law.

We. Why *Peter* wilt not answere me?

Pe. O my Lord aboue, stand still, I am falne downe at least 30. fathome deepe, if you stand not still till I recouer and haue lightened a candle, y'are but a dead man.

Hog. I am rob'd, I am yudone, I am deluded, whose in my chamber?

We. Tis

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

We. Tis I, the Lord your sonne that shall be, vpon my honor
I came not to rob you.

Hog. I shall run mad, I shall run mad.

We. Why then tis my fortune to be terrifide with madmen.

Enter Peter with a candle.

Pe. Where are you my Lord?

Hog. Here my Lady? where are you rogue when theeues
breake into my house?

Pe. Breaking my necke in your seruice a plague ont.

We. But are you rob'd indeed father *Hogge*, of how much I
praye?

Hog. Of all, of all; see here, they haue left me nothing but 2.
or 3. roles of parchment, here they came vp like spirits, & tooke
my siluer, gold, and Iewels; wheres my daughter?

Pe. Shees not in the house sir? the streete doores are wide
open.

We. Nay tis no matter where shee is now? shele scarce be
worth a 1000. pound and thats but a taylors prise.

Ho. Then youle not haue her sir?

We. No as I hope to liue in peace.

Hog. Why bee't so, bee't so, confusion cannot come in a
more fitter time on all of vs: O bountifull *Cressus*, how fine thy
shaddow hath deuoured my substance.

Pe. Good my Lord promise him to marry his daughter, or a
will be mad presently, though you neuer intend to haue her.

We. Well father *Hogge*, though you are vndone, your
daughter shall not be, so long as a Lords can stand her in any
stead: come you shall with me to my Lord and father, whose
warrants wee will haue for the apprehending of all suspicious
liues, and though the labour be infinite, you must consider your
losse is so.

Hog. Come, ile doe any thing to gaine my golde.

Pe. Till which be had, my fare will be but cold. *Exeunt.*

Enter Haddis, Reb. Lightfoote, and Priest.

Had. Now Mr. Parson we will no further trouble you, and
for the tying of our true loue knot, heres a small amends.

Prie. Tis more then due sir, yet ile take it all,
Should kindnesse be dispis'd, good will would fall.

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Vnto a lower ebbe, should we detest
The gratefull giuers gift, *Verisimo est.*

Had. It's true indeed, good morrow honest Parson.

Pe. Yet if you please, sir *Iohn* will backe surrender
The ouerplus of what you now did tender.

Ha. O by no meanes, I pree thee friend, good-morrow.

Li. Why if you please Sir *Iohn* to me restore,
The ouerplus ile giue it to the poore.

Pe. O pardon sir, for by our worships leaue,
We ought to giue from whence we doe receaue.

Had. VVhy then to me sir *Iohn*.

Pri. To all a kinde good morrow.

Exit Priest.

Ha. A most fine Vicar, there was no other meanes to be rid
of him: but why are you so sad *Rebecka*?

Re. To thinke in what estate my father is?

VVhen he beholds that he is meere'y guld.

Had. Nay be not grieu'd, for that which should rather giue
you cause of content, for'twil be a meanes to make him abandon
his auarice, and saue a soule almost incurable: but now to
our owne affaires, this marriage of ours must not yet be known
least it breed suspicion, we will bring you *Rebecka* vnto *Atlas*
his house, whil't we two goe vnto the old Lord *Welthies*, hauing
some acquaintance with his sonne in law *Carracus*, who I vnderstand
is there, where no question but we shall finde your father
proclaiming his losse, thether you shall come some what
after vs, as it were to seeke him, where I doubt not but so to order
the matter, that I will receaue you as my wife, from his own
hands.

Re. May it so happy proue.

Li. Amen say I, for should our last tricke be knowne, great
Cressus shade would haue a coniured time ont.

Had. Tis true, his Castle of Addamant would scarce holde
him: but come this will be good cause for laughter hereafter.
Then wele relate how this great bird was puld,
Of his rich fethers, and most finely guld. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Lo. Welthy, with Car. Ma. and Albert.

Lo. More welcome *Carracus*, then friendly truce

To

Hogge hath lost his Pearle.

To a besieged City all distressed;
How early this glad morning are you come
To make me happy, for pardon of your offence
I've giuen a blessing, which may heauen confirme,
In trebble manner on your vertuous liues.
And may our liues and duty daily striue,
To be found worthy of that louing fauour,
Which from your reuerent age we now receaue,
Without desert, or merrit. *Enter young Wel. Hogge & Peter.*

We. Roome for a desirer of Iustice, what my sister *Maria*;
Who thought to haue met you here?

Ma. You may see brother, vnlook't for guests prooue of-
tent troublesome.

We. Well, but is your husband there any quieter then a was?

Ca. Sir, I must desire you to forget all iniuries, if, in not be-
ing my selfe, I offered you any.

Alb. Ile see that peace concluded.

We. Which I agree to, for patience is a vertue father Hogge.

Ho. Was it you sonne that cride so loud for iustice?

We. Yes marry was it, and this the party to whome it apper-
taines.

Ho. O my most honored lord I am vndone, rob'd this black
night of all the wealth and treasure, which these many yeeres I
haue hewerly labored for.

Lo. And who are those haue done this outrage to you?

Ho. Oh knew I that, I then my lord were happy.

Lo. Come you for Iustice then, not knowing gainst whom
the course of Iustice should extend it selfe?
Nor yet suspect you none?

Ho. None but the diuell.

We. I thought a was a Cheater, ere since I heard two or three
Templers sweare at dice the last Christmas, that the diuel had
got all.

Enter Haddit and Lightfoote.

Ha. My kinde acquaintance, Ioy to thy good successe.

Ca. Noble, and free-borne *Haddit*, welcome.

Li. Mr. *Hogge* good-day.

Ho. For I haue had a bad night on't

Li. Sicknesse is incident to age, what be the writings ready

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

to be sealed, wee intreated last day.

Ho. Yes I thinke they are, would the Scriuiner were paid for the making them.

Li. A shalbe so, though I doote my selfe, is the mony put vp as I appointed?

Ho. Yes tis put vp, confusion cease the receiuers.

Li. Heauen blesse vs all, what meane you sir?

Ho. O sir, I was robb'd this night of all I had, My daughter to is lost, and I vndone.

Li. Marry, God forbid, after what manner I pray.

Ho. O to recount sir will breede more ruth,
Then did the tale of that high Troian Duke,
To the sad fated Carthagenian Queene.

Ha. What exclamations that?

Li. What you will grieue at Coze,
Your worshipfull friend M. Hogge is robb'd.

Ha. Rob'd, by whom or how?

Li. O theres the griefe, a knowes not whome to suspect.

Ha. The feare of hell oreake them whatsoere they be: but wheres your daughter, I hope she is safe. *Enter Re.*

Ho. Thankes heauen, I see shee's now so, where hast thou been my girl?

Re. Alas sir, carried by amazemēt, I know not where, pursu'd by the robbers forc't to fly as mad affright, through all the City streets to seek redresse, but that lay fast asleepe in all mens houses, nor would lend an eare to the distressed.

Ha. O heauy accident, but see you grieue too much,
Being your daughter's found, for th'other losse;
Since tis the will of heauen to giue and take,
Value it as nothing, you haue yet sufficient
To liue in blest content, had you no more
But my small mortgage for your daughter here;
Whom I haue euer lov'd in deer'st affection,
If so you please so much to fauour me,
I will accept her spight of pouerty,
And make her iointure of some store of land,
Which by the losse of a good aged friend
Late fell to me, what ist a match or no. *Ho.* It is.

Then

Hogge hath lost his pearle.

Then Ile haue witnesse on't, my lord and gent.
Please you draw neere, to be here witnesses
To a wisht contract, twixt this maid and I.

Omnes We all are willing.

Ho. Then in the presence of you all, I giue my daughter freely to this gent. as wife, and to shew how much I stand affected to him for dowry with her, I doe backe restore his mortgag'd lands, and for their loues I vowe, euer hereafter to detest, renounce, loath and abhorre all flauish avarice:
Which doth ascend from hell, sent by the diuell,
To be 'mongst men the actor of all cuill.

Om. A blest conuersion.

Lo. A good far vnexpected, and now gentlemen,
I do enuite you all to feast with me
This happy day, that we may altogether
Applaud his good successe, and let this day be spent,
In sports and shewes with glad some merriment:
Come blest conuerted man weele lead the way,
As vnto heauen I hope we shall.

Ho. Heauen graunt we may.

Ca. Come my *Maria* and repent'nt friend,
Wee three haue tasted worst of misery,
Which now adde ioy to our felicity.

Ha. We three are happy wee haue gain'd much wealth,
And though we haue done it by a tricke of stealth,
Yet all I trust are pleas'd, and will our ill acquite,
Since it hath sau'd a soule was hells by right.

We. To follow after then, our lot doth fall,
Now rime it *Peter*.

Pe. A good night to all.

Exeunt omnes.

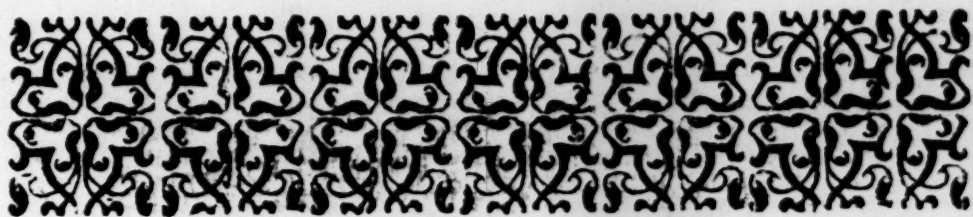
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EPILOGVE.

NOW expectation hath at full receined
What we late promised, if in ought we haue pleased,
Tis all we sought to accomplish, and much more
Then our weake meritt dares to attribute
Vnto it selfe, till you vouchsafe to dayne
In your kinde censure, so to gratifie
Our triniall labours: ———
If it hath pleased the iudiciall eare,
Wee haue our Authors wish, and void of feare
Dare ignorant men, to shew their worst of hate.
It not detracts, but adds vnto that state
Where desert flourisheth.
Weele rest applouded in their derogation,
Though with an kisse they crowne that confirmation:
For this our Author saith, ift proue distastfull,
He onely grieues you spent two houres so wast-full:
But if it like, and you affect his pen,
You may commaund it when you please agen.